

The HAPPY
CONQUEST:

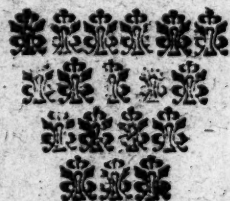
OR,

The True Method,

AND

Unspeakable Pleasure,

Of having the M I N D
well Fortify'd against
all the Disappointments
of L I F E.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, 1719. Price 2d.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater

at the Sign of the Gun

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TO THE READER.

THere are few Persons in the world but when they come to Years, know Trouble and Sorrow. Sickneses and Pain, Poverty and Disgrace, Losses and Disappointments, fill the Mind with much uneasiness and great Disquietudes. To be well arm'd against such Evills, and well equipt for such a Warfare as it will be the Hapiness, so it ought to be the Study of every Person. The unspeakable Gain

and Advantage will infinitely recompence all your toil, and make ample amends for all your Endeavours to obtain it. This you have recommended by one that under all the aforesaid Tryals of Life, hath fully tasted that the Lord is good, He speaks not like a Parrot, but as one truly experienced and imployed in this happy Exercise: The Rules prescribed for the obtaining this so great Blessing, are such, if carefully attended to, will infallibly procure it. The Lord incline your Heart thereto, make you resolute, bold and successful therein, which is the Prayer of,

Yours, &c.

The



T H E

Happy CONQUEST, &c.

W I T H utmost Diligence I sought to find
 What might in Trouble best compose
 (the Mind;
 This needful is, and every Day will be;
 As Food to Life, so this to Piety.
 When Men of Malice, and of lavish Tongues,
 Spit forth their Poison from envenom'd Lungs;
 On Just Mens. Names commit a violent Rape,
 Let none that fear or love their God escape;
 When Men of Piety and Pride, conspire
 To inflame the coolest Mind with * Hellish Fire;
 Raise sinful Passions in the Innocent,
 For which they grieve, of which they must repent:
 When Poverty and Pain the Good Man tear,
 Strip him of Peace and rob him of his Ease;
 Without this Armour he will always be
 An easy Conquest for his Enemy:

* As all unwarrantable Passion is.

When Slanders base, and vile Reproach pursue
 The Good Man, till it does him quite undo;
 Alway disturb'd, and alway on the fret,
 By Day no Peace, by Night no Rest can get:
 When friends forsake, and haughty Foes insult
 The Innocent, as over-charg'd with Guilt.
 Confus'd he prays, and bitterly he weeps,
 Wringing his Hands and on his Knees he creeps;
 When his past Sins and vicious Motions are,
 Such as 'gainst him proclaim an open War;
 He looks about for Help, he calls in Aid,
 But without This, he'll surely be betray'd.

When Satan and the World strive him to engage
 With vile Allurements or with horrid Rage;
 The Flatteries of Wealth or Wine, or worse,
 Have on the good Man's Mind too great a Force.
 The Threats that on the other hand are thrown,
 Do often cast the stoutest Courage down.
 With such bold Foes, what can the Pious do,
 How can he charge such Crowds of Enemies thro;
 A Mind compos'd, that Soul that is serene,
 Bids bold Defiance to this mighty Train.
 Nay, when his God does him for Sin chastise,
 He'll calmly bear, *Correction makes him wise.*
 But if of this he is deprived, then
 He's past all Comfort or Relief from Men;
 On Men, the World, or Angels he may call,
 They'll leave him to his Draughts of bitter'st Gall;
 But if this Jewel he has got in Store,
 He's easy * when Men rage and Hell does roar;

* Psal. 23, 1.

This smooths the *Brows*, with *Smiles* adorns the *Face*,
 To every *Action* adds a pleasing *Grace*.
 As *Rocks* in *Storms*, he steady does remain,
 All's *safe* without, cause all within's *serene*;

This made *meek Moses* easy in the croud
 Of *Murmurers*, both clamorous and loud;
 When they in *Passion* and a mighty *Rage*,
 Cry'd *Kill him, stone him, stone him off the Stage*;
Meek, like his *Master*, at the very *Time*,
 He cry'd, *Mr God, forgive, forgive their Crime*;
 Unruffled and *Serene*, he weather'd out
 The shocking *Tempest* of a giddy *Rour*,
 This made *mild David* bear proud *Shimei's Curse*,
 And *Patiently* take from his *Wife* what's worse;
 When *She* reviles him for his *Piety*,
 With *Scoffs* and *Taunts*, with bitter *Raillery*;
 Is this to be a pious *Man*, a *King*?
 'Tis mobbing on't; what in the *Crowd* to sing?
 He readily he replies, *Forbear your Jest*,
 You feel not what I feel within my *Breast*;
 'Tis this be to be *vile*, - I'll *viler* be,
 Forbear your *Scoffs*, forbear your *Railery*.

'Twas this made *Job* in sacred *Story* be
 Upon *Record* to late *Posterity*.
 That *Men* might see what *Men* might do, if they
 Did on their *God* for full support rely.
 He's now forsook of all that once he lov'd,
 Yet he stands steady as a *Rock* unmov'd.
 Satan has leave, and goes his utmost *Length*,
 To buffet and to tempt, and try his *Strength*;
 His *Strength* is try'd, a *Victor Job* is made,
 Satan is by him utterly defy'd;
 Hell is too weak, and all the *Pow'rs* below,
 The *Man* thus arm'd, will all their force o'erthrow.
 No *Hell* gives out the *War* must be renew'd,

Job must be conquer'd, *Job* must be subdu'd;
 When Satan fails, the Woman he prepares
 Her Husband to intangle to ensnare.
 A Female War! the Woman first was made
 The Instrument by which the World's betray'd:
 Can *Job* then stand before the Foe that foil'd
 The first great Man, and all his Glory spoil'd?
 Can he stand out? She will him Prisoner make,
 She all his Strength and Confidence will shake;
 Then She begins as one employ'd by Hell,
 * Tho' Satan does himself from her conceal;
 My Dear, says she, now make a little pause,
 Thou art observant of the heavenly Laws;
 Strictly observant thou delight'st to be,
 Now think, pray think, how God rewardeth thee
 It is thy Work, it is thy daily Food,
 To say He's Great, He's Merciful, He's Good;
 What Goodness then, what Mercy does he show,
 When he strips thee of all that's good below.
 Bless on, my Dear, bless on, or rather curse
 That God that does reward the Pious thus;
 Curse God and dye, what can't thee beter do?
 Can't thou all this with Patience undergo?
 What Counsel's this, how does this Counsel tend
 To rack his Bowells and his Heart to rend?
 Who could expect a calm Answer here,
 When such vile Words had reacht his pious Ear?
 But see the Man with Mind compos'd, how he
 Sedately stands, and calm is as the Sea.
 When ruffling Winds leave off their furious blast
 The Seas are quiet and all things at rest.
 All fiery Darts with Fury thrown, will they

* Persons that are doing Mischief, are not sensible who
 Share the Devil has in it.

Thro

(a) God
tringly.

Throw with Success back on the Enemy.
 Thus, Heaven's Champion bravely fights his way,
 Thro' hellish Rage and female Policy.
 Soft are his Words, his Answer truly sweet,
 For Matter and for Manner they are meet.
 Amazing! Strange! 'tis wonderful to see!
 A man thus try'd, thus coolly to reply,
 What will *Job's* Wife, like foolish Women speak,
 And strive my long enjoyed Peace to break?
 When Satan soyl'd, and losses great and sore,
 Left me more Peace then I enjoy'd before;
 A Treasure which I do esteem beyond
 All that vain Men do set their Heart upon.
 Wilt thou my dear Wife of my Bolome, be
 To thy kind Spouse so great an Enemy?
 But Faith and Reason both in exercise,
 We soon shall see who'll beare away the Prize.
 Shall we receive his Good, as 'twere our own,
 And Murmurers be, if once he seem to frown?
 Good we receiv'd, when we his wrath deserv'd
 Because from his Just Laws we all have swerv'd?
 As we have sinn'd, let us with Silence bear
 What he thinks fit for each one to prepare.
 Thus Conqu'ror. like, and more than Conqu'ror he
 Stands safe 'gainst all that his Assailants be.
 His restless Foe won't end the Quarrel thus,
 But now leads on fresh Force, and dangerous?
 Not Foes but Friends, both intimate and near,
 Must for an hot Engagement now appear;
 Not Strangers, but Familiars must begin,
 To draw this Pious Man to some great Sin;
 Not ill Design, but Piety they plead, (lead
 They march on bold, ne'er think the Devil does
 The Snare is lay'd, (a) but they are not aware,
 For's Ruin be, for's Safery they prepare.

(a) Good Men too oft, engage in the Devil's Services un-
 thinkingly.

B

Both

Thro

Both in one Quarrel engage, and both combine,
To do their best to carry on their Design.
Design! His Friends had nothing else in view,
But their old Correspondence to renew,
And to restore him to his former State,
From where they do conclude his fall'n of late
For they are sure he must a Sinner be,
Because he is reduc'd to Poverty.
If Pious Neighbours once but take the Hint,
Their *Torgues* are sharp, their *Hearts* are hard as Flint
There's none so ready for Report as they,
Take them with ease, but loath to lay them by
And what they hear, report with ardent Zeal,
D'ye hear how such a Friend or Brother fell?
I'm sorry for't, but 'tis most sadly true,
There is no help, but 'twill the Man undo,
To give an Accent to this murdering Tale,
Tho false, some Man of Note for Proof we call,
The News flies far, a mortal Wound is given,
At once shut out of Church, at once of Heav'n.
Tis all unchristian, all unfair, unjust,
Thus to tread Men of Value in the Dust,
Job's Friends were fair, fairer be far than most,
That of their Christian Principles do boast,
They to himself apply, and don't proclaim
His Faults in every Ear to blast his Name:
Whether 'twere true, or what they did suppose,
They this to him and not the World disclose.
But Christians, pious Christians will not spare,
Vile Stories to relate in every Ear.
With lift up Hands, and Looks cast down, will they
Give Wing to all the vilest Tales that fly.
Thus thank'd and murder'd in the Dark Men die,
And have no Sight of any Enemy.
No Wounds like those that they the guiltless give,
They're rich and good, and Men will them believe.
The Poor Mans case is sad, there is no cure.
He's wounded deep, and must his Wounds endure

ne, But all this time the Devil's Game they play,
Religious Men Religious Men destroy.
Gainst this there is no Force, nought will Men free.
From the deep Wounds of such vile Calumny,
But only this, a mind compos'd, serene,
late Heals all his Wounds, and easeth all his Pain.
This was *Job's* Case, their *Scoffs* and *Scorns* he bore,
Because he did abound with this rich Oar
nt, Sedate, compos'd, and solid he remains,
as Flee Shakes off their Shackles and defies their Chains.
Thus *Daniel* fearless, went into the Den,
n by And found the Lyons milder than the men.
Zeal, Lyons and Men he scorn'd, defy'd their Rage,
ell ? As a bold Combatant maintain'd the Stage.
This made the *Worthies* brave, out brave the *Flames*
That burnt their Foes to their Eternal Shame.
This made the Martyrs bold. It was by this,
e call, They sung in Flames, the Stake with Joy they kiss.
en, This fully recommends this Happy Frame,
eav'n. and tends t' excite all Men to seek the same.
y it we're made, without it all undone,
his to obtain, Men would all Hazrads run,
hoft, Faith and Repentance fills the Soul with Peace,
According as 'tis known your Joy'll increase,
o Great *Eugene*, or Matchless *Marlborough*,
an greater Trophies of their Vict'ry show.
ppose, If is subdu'd, as King o'er self he reigns,
close. and leads his captivating Lusts in Chains.
spare, his to obtain is hard, 'tis true, what then ?
is this, and this alone makes happy Men.
will th is all up Hill, and Snares lay'd thick, to stop
y. the Cristian Hero far short of the Top.
en die, t ne'er so hard to try, said I, I'll dare,
is give, Skill and Courage makes the Couquerer,
believe. ot Skill and Courage which we call our own,
re. t that which by the heavenly hand's bestown,
endure: that obtains it will have God in view,
Broughout all Time and endless Ages too, •

Which

Which does great *Transports*, does great *Pleasure* give
To Men that in *Disgrace* or *Prisons* live.
In *Poverty*, or *Want*, or great *Distress*,
He'll them support, he will those *Souls* care.
No *Wealth*, no *Strength*, no *Beauty* can bestow,
A *Mind* compos'd, it springs from nought below.
If we this *Blessing* great wou'd then obtain,
We must repent of all our *Actions* vain,
All *Sin* forsake, *True Piety* pursue,
Have nothing but *God's Glory* in our *View*!
Still *Prayers* pathetick to him we must send,
To engage him on our *Side*, make him our *Friend*.
His *Word* hid in our *Hearts*, that we may be
Guar'd against all the *Devil's Policy*.
(a) Draw *Water* from *Salvations Wells* with *joy*,
Which to the *Comforts* of the *Spirit* convey.
Flee *Youthful Lusts*, all *sinful Passions* flee,
God will our *Guide* our *Consolation* be.
(b) If *Sin* o'erake, let us to *JESUS* flee,
As to our *Advocate* that pleads on high.
Faith and *Repentance* fills the *Soul* with *Peace*,
As these are know to do your *Joys* increase.
Lets prove our *State*, our *Evidences* clear,
All *Fear*, all *Doubs*, all *Grief* will disappear.

(a) These *Psalms* are the *Gospel Promises* to *repentant Sinners*, Isa. 12. 3.
(b) 1 *John* 2, 1.